

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
RIVERSIDE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



A PIECE OF DELF
AND
OTHER FRAGMENTS
SECOND SERIES

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

REVIEWS OF FIRST SERIES

"The author shows also strong dramatic instinct. . . . A very acceptable gift-book."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Makes a genuine appeal to the imagination, and leaves a tender and haunting impression upon the memory. . . ."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"Shows a deep sympathy with Nature."—*Black and White*.

"The author succeeds in imparting to his work a sense of refreshing reality. . . . Delightfully produced."—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

"A delightful gift-book."—*Sunday Times*.

"Displays a depth of feeling and technical excellence not to be found in many volumes of modern poetry."—*Nottingham Guardian*.

"Touching many keys. . . . Original and clever. . . . Illustrations extraordinarily good."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"Has the exceptional qualities of simplicity, sympathy with and knowledge of humanity, and a deep love of nature. . . . Beautiful illustrations, admirably reproduced."—*Manchester Courier*.

". . . All musical prettiness."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

"Alike in their happy expression of steadfast faith and gentle and noble philosophy."—*Gentlewoman*.

". . . The book makes its appeal by reason of clever and graphic versification . . . pictorial illustrations by no means of the ordinary character."—*The Western Daily Press, Bristol*.

"Some true and touching pictures of life. . . ."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

". . . A good piece of work, inspired by high motives. . . ."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"Gathers strength and dignity until a high spiritual level is reached. . . ."—*Northern Whig*.

"The author . . . will have the thanks of all his readers."—*The Dundee Advertiser*.

"Some of the most charming verses seen this season. . . ."—*Irish Times*.

"A charming book of verse. . . ."—*Cork Constitution*.

". . . Striking thoughts admirably expressed. . . . Exquisite illustrations. . . ."—*Belfast News Letter*.

"The volume is charming in every respect. . . . Very beautiful verse ; has a most appropriate setting of artistic gems."—*Cork Examiner*.

"The author has a true sympathy with nature. . . . There is a manifest sensitiveness to all that is pleasant and bright and attractive."—*Catholic Times*.



A PIECE OF DELF AND OTHER FRAGMENTS

SECOND SERIES



LONDON
JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS LTD.
350 OXFORD STREET, W.

1907

THESE FRAGMENTS
FROM
THE SMALL HOURS
ARE INSCRIBED
TO
MY WIFE

NOTE

THE Author is specially indebted to MISS EVELYN HARDY, MISS MAUD CLARK, MISS KATHERINE KIMBALL, MISS ALICE LATCHFORD, MISS ROSE DAKIN, MR HERBERT FINN, and MR PAUL HARDY for illustrating many of the following verses.

He has also to thank MRS HUGH FRASER for the reproductions from her work, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan"; MISS A. SHERLOCK for several original photographs; and MESSRS RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS for permission to reproduce drawings of Scottish Scenery by MR F. LONGSTAFFE and MR H. WIMBUSH.

The verses "My Chestnut Tree" were inscribed to Mrs Ernest Normand ("Henrietta Rae"), the illustration on page 37 being from a painting, a gift to the Author.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
UNDERCURRENTS	1
THE THREE TONGUES	2
FLOREAT ETONA	10
WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE	19
THE THAMES	21
ONE WROTE HIS LIFE	29
A MIDNIGHT REVERIE	32
MY CHESTNUT TREE	36
HE SERVED THE STATE	39
WHAT IS LIFE?	42
OUR STUDENT DAYS	44
FIFTY YEARS AFTER	46
THE ROSE	48
THE SULLEN MAN	49
TO A MEDIUM	57
THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOSPITAL ON THE GARELOCH	58
"JUST ONE"	60
A SCOUT	63
FOLLOW THOU ME	64
A VIOLET	65
"I AM THAT I AM"	66

	PAGE
THE FIVE SENSES	68
LOOKING BACK	71
ORATORY	75
THE PRIZE OF LIFE	77
IMMORTALITY	81
VOX POPULI—VOX DEI	84
A GOLDEN WEDDING	87
SEEMING TO BE	88
SEVERED	90
SHEILA	91
CHARACTER	92
THE OAK AND THE YEW	93
PRAYER	99
A WOMAN'S POWER	100
SAD HOURS	102
"CALL THE LITTLE ONES"	105
ADIEU	107
"NON EST HIC SED RESURREXIT"	108

LIST OF FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

<p>“And cause this very Cross of Wood On which He hung to be the mark Of universal brotherhood ”</p>	<p>PAGE 3</p>
<p>School Yard, Eton</p>	<p>10</p>
<p>Entrance to New Schools' Yard, Eton</p>	<p>15</p>
<p>At Wallingford</p>	<p>24</p>
<p>“Now I'm sitting in the gloaming ”</p>	<p>33</p>
<p>“They saddened me, these naked boughs ”</p>	<p>37</p>
<p>Life and Death</p>	<p>43</p>
<p>“My God!—can this be <i>Kate</i>? ”</p>	<p>56</p>
<p>The Gareloch from Whistfield</p>	<p>58</p>
<p>“The chambers where are hidden The ghosts of follies dead ”</p>	<p>60</p>
<p>“A river running far in quest Of fleeting rainbow hues ”</p>	<p>72</p>
<p>“Seeking God's own Kingdom—there The Crown that he doth win ”</p>	<p>80</p>
<p>“A vision of a hidden life I see ”</p>	<p>82</p>
<p>“With little heed into what kind of soil Are sown the seeds of thirst and lust for blood ”</p>	<p>86</p>
<p>“Bare head and streaming eye, Hands clasped and body bent ”</p>	<p>90</p>
<p>“The old Oak died; the growing Yew survived ”</p>	<p>95</p>

UNDERCURRENTS

PRAY be to my verses
Just a little kind ;
They are but reflexes
Of the soul behind.
As the poet tells us,
There's a central flow
Far beneath the current
Of the stream we know.
This runs ever slowly,
Never brought to view ;
In it deep are hidden
The souls of me and you.
Not e'en to us is given
To see that current strong—
We but feel its impulse
As it moves along.
Carried o'er its surface
Are the "I" and "You,"
As the world may know us,
Thinks its balance true.
Therefore to my verses
Be a little kind ;
They are but the current
From the soul behind.

THE THREE TONGUES¹

“WRITE it in HEBREW,” Pilate said,
“That every Jew in Palestine
May look on Cæsar’s name with dread.
From henceforth shall the Cross be sign,
From Dan to Beersheba, that Rome
Where’er her eagles rest will know
No rule save Cæsar’s; thus bring home
That she doth no allegiance owe
To these rebellious priests, that they
And all their stubborn race must see
They are beneath an Empire’s sway
To which all others bend the knee;
That brooks no setting up a King,
Nor rule of any Christ who takes
The rôle of God and Man, to bring
Contempt on Cæsar’s power, and makes
His heathen God o’er Jove supreme.
So let these dogs of Hebrews see
The folly of this sceptic’s dream,
And know that ’twas by Rome’s decree
This Christ of theirs was crucified.
Thus let it run in HEBREW first,
That He whose kingship they denied
Was writ as King in tongue accurs’d.

¹ Suggested by the Anniversary Sermon preached by the Rev. J. Carroll of Glasgow, in St Andrew’s Church, Hampstead.



“And cause this very Cross of Wood
On which He hung to be the mark
Of universal brotherhood.”

*S. Henge.
In the Author's
possession.*

Page 3

Yet stay—let it in GREEK be writ,
That he, the child of cultured Greece,
May read, with those who likewise sit
In Athens. Oracles shall cease;
And they shall hear the tidings strange
Of this new philosophic creed,
Which shall all old religions change
Through claim to meet each human need
By one God-given force of Love
And sacrifice of self; that God,
Himself all other gods above,
Hath e'en the path of sorrows trod,
To know each human woe and pang,
Both God and man; a very King
Of grief, of whom their poets sang.
Of humble birth, yet who will bring
Salvation to their race ere long,
Nor to them only, but throughout
The heathen lands, redressing wrong,
In Western isles to bring about,
And cause this very Cross of Wood
On which He hung to be the mark
Of universal brotherhood,
That those still groping in the dark,
From henceforth should be named from Him,
And then should take as sign the Cross,
A symbol true—each outstretched limb,
Betok'ning that despite of loss
This faith is wide enough to hold

The world itself in its embrace,
And every race of man enfold.

And last, in LATIN write His claim
To regal title, place of birth
And name. He shall be known to fame
As King; and this His kingdom's worth—
The Crown these mocking Jews will plait,
The wooden Cross on which He's laid;
Some rough-hewn bench on which He sat;
The tears some women folk have paid.
In Latin write His title, so
That every Roman soldier here
In this Jerusalem may know
That Cæsar hath no God to fear.
What jesting will this claim create
In Rome, that it should rouse the ire
Of Pilate? What accurséd fate
Hath made this rebel crew conspire,
To bring this mystic fool to me
For trial? And these clamouring Jews,
This howling mob, who cannot see
The man is mad? Can I refuse
Their cry to crucify the man
Who claims a kingdom wider still
Than that of Cæsar; that He can
O'erthrow His rule did He but will?

Those tongues are dead that Pilate wrote;
Those cultured nations, what of them?

Their cities of historic note
Did they the tide of conquest stem?

Where now the glory and the fame
Of that Jerusalem of old?
Of Salem's temple but the name
And site remain; and there unrolled
The banners of the crescent stand.
Where now those triple walls and gates
That Jewish soldiers oft-timed manned
To thwart an entrance? These the fates
Have levelled. Nothing there is left
To tell the greatness of that race
Now scattered, and of home bereft.
And save that Roman scribes did trace
The story of that tangled thread
That told of some four hundred years,
'Twere lost. Long after He was dead
The memory of those sad tears
He shed outside the city wall---
Recalled the Master's sorrowing fears
For His loved temple and its fall.
But still a power that race is found
Where'er those scattered remnants meet,
And look we where we may around,
The Hebrew still survives defeat.
To-day his ancient creed abides,
And yet his Passover he keeps;
His wanderings still Jehovah guides;

His God Who slumbers not nor sleeps.
And where is now Minerva's shrine?
The golden goddess Phidias wrought?
The Parthenon? Who now for sign



Ruins of the Temple at Corinth, and the Erechtheion, Peloponnesus.—Photo by Ringrose Atkins.

To Delphi goes, where he who sought
Did oft no answer find despite
His gifts? In Pelops yet remain
Stray columns on some ancient site
That mark the beauty of some fane
To this same goddess reared, which tell
Of those long years of struggle vain,
Of fateful wars ere Athens fell;
The “eye of Greece” that did reflect
Her culture and her wondrous art;
These through her graceful dialect
Her sons did to the world impart.
How little thought the Greek who stood

Beneath the Cross that he might read
The triple tongue, that yet he should
In Athens hear that outcast's creed
Preached there by one himself from Rome,



The Lion Gate, Mycenae, Peloponnesus.—R. A.

And founder of a church whose sign
Should rise from every Grecian dome,
And claim its place by right divine!
And what of that imperial Rome
Whose eagles proud proclaimed her sway?
Did she then dream that Peter's dome
In centuries after her decay,
Should stand her seven hills amid,
Uprear the Cross, proclaim the name
Of Him whose faith she did forbid?
“*Iesus Hominum Salvator*,” this
The superscription that to-day
Upon the Cross the Latins kiss;





The Agora Mycenæ, Peloponnesus.—R. A.

These are the words that point the way
To millions, from the rising morn
To setting sun. Since Christ (the name
Before all else that doth adorn
The human scroll) in greatness came ;
And Rome herself (though she denied
At first His right to regal place,
While deep in martyred blood she dyed
Her ways ; and those who did embrace
His faith, by edict doomed to death
And cruelly tortured, till the blood
Of those who with their latest breath
Held true, ran rapid as the flood
Of her own Tiber stream) proclaimed
That He was King indeed, and sought
His symbol for her own, and named
From him the Church so dearly bought.

Yet strange to-day that from the GREEK,
The HEBREW or the LATIN tongue,
In temples where the Christians seek
The Cross, and hear its story sung,
The inspiration comes, and He
Who bore that Cross is hailed as King
Of Kings ; a title, written free



*Entrance to the Treasury of
Atreus, Peloponnesus. R. A.*

In tongues that the whole world can sing :
For no one tongue shall know His creed ;
His reign is o'er the human race,
Its sorrows His in time of need.
Humanity it doth embrace,
For He was King of Sorrows crowned.
His sceptre, Love ; His herald, Peace,
He taught a sympathy profound.
So deep that sooner earth shall cease
Than be forgot that hour of grief
That brought the sorrowing world relief.

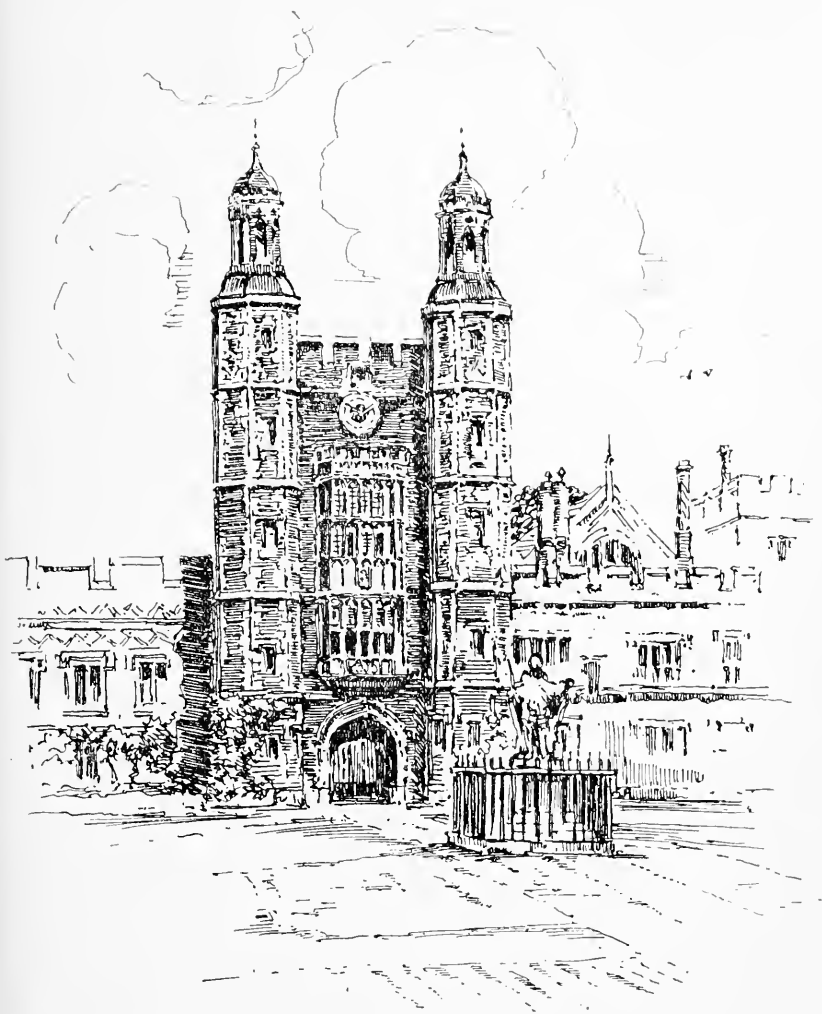


The Chapel from Slough Road

FLOREAT ETONA¹

LET Eton flourish—yet in manner how?
To rank amongst the foremost of the schools
That guide the youth of England on the road
To future greatness, and to heights of fame;
To leave a record of some ends achieved,
Some brilliant feats or acts heroic done
To gain applause in any calling they
May take in hand, let that be what it may;
To rise in statecraft, dreaded in debate,
A leader in the Senate; in the law,
An advocate of silver tongue; on bench,
An occupant whose legal judgments stand,
Unchallenged in the courts; and, in the Church,
A theologian wise, the mitre wear;
As Primate Prince in Westminster to rule.

¹ Suggested by a sermon preached by the Bishop of Ripon in Eton chapel on July 15, 1906.



W. G. K. Kimball

School Yard, Eton

Or, as a soldier, win that cross that brings
A proud distinction to the wearer's name,



An old Etonian

Who by his strategy shall bring to
naught

Some not unworthy rival in the art
Of war, and gaining thus his country's
thanks

Shall rank amongst the foremost, hand-
ing on

A name that shall in future years be
told

In story, and that men will cite as that
Of one who saved his country in her hour
Of need; and this for him shall gain a place
'Mongst those alumni of that ancient school
In whom the martial spirit, passing on
From sire to son, through generations past
Has prompted love of combat, and has roused
The pride of race and appetite for war.
The noble dead whose names and deeds are writ
On mural tablets round your chapel walls,
The lesson there first learned (one ne'er forgot
By those who heard it) that to Duty's call
All must respond, and to her summons yield
Obedience ready; whatsoe'er the cost
Of sacrifice or pain, to death itself,
It must be paid. And so in that long race
Of Britain's sons by sea and land who have
Where'er her Empire flag of freedom flies,

Gone forth to die, the old Etonians bear
 A record glorious in that swelling list
 Of names held ever precious in this roll
 Of island heroes—some of gentler mould,
 And others shaped upon a hardier type,
 As do her rough-hewn rocky cliffs and crags
 Compare with those her green-clad downs that cap



Posuit
Eduardus Betham
Collegii Huiusce Socius

Her white-walled coast, and yet do both alike
This island mother of our Empire guard.
And some there be in that historic school



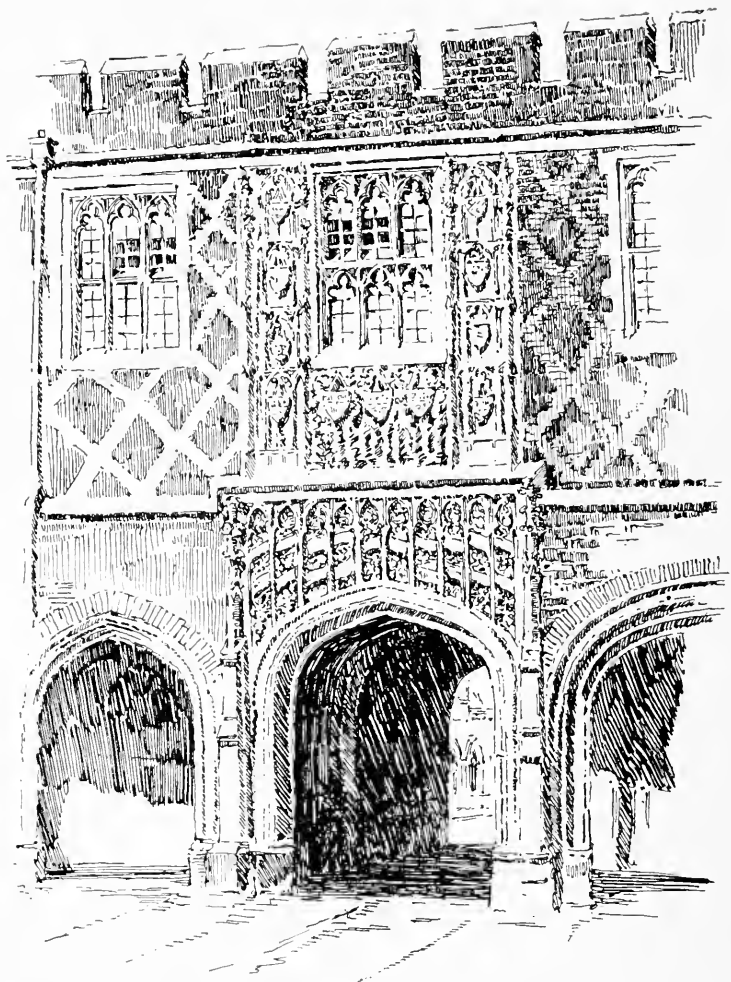
The Castle from the Fields

(That stands beneath the shadow of the tower
On which there ever floats that banner proud
Of England's king) whose aim it is to grace
A calling which has pain, disease, and death
To fight, and such would rise and fain be ranked
As leaders in the science and the art
Of healing, ever striving hard to leave
Some lasting proof of new-found means of cure
Linked with their names, that through their work there be
Some progress made in knowledge and in skill.
And not a few have Commerce as their goal,
That they should rise as giants of finance,
Unlock the gates of power with golden key,
Compel the markets of the world; control

The loans that oft decide the issues grave
Of peace or war, and wield such untold wealth
That they can purchase titles, and e'en win
The road to Royal favour—for to-day
The passport thus to social rank and place
Is ofttime gained. And there are those who look
In service overseas to play a part,
And in our great dependency to rise
Among those civil servants of the State
Who hold our Indian empire safe by just
Administration of the law, and who,



Entrance to Weston's Yard



Katherine Tomlin

Entrance to New Schools' Yard, Eton

Proud of the trust imposed, maintain that name
For even-handed justice and fair rule
'Tis England's boast that she doth claim for all
Beneath her flag; she no distinction makes



The Cloisters, School Yard

Through clime or race, while she protection gives
Alike to all. And still there may be those
To-day in those old houses by the Thames
Whose sole ambition 'tis to live a life
Of peace 'midst college corridors and halls,
Leave all the world outside, and pleasure take
In learning and in books, in boyhood's sports,
In training youthful minds, nor look in vain
To be the ruler of some famous school,
A rival to their own. What end so proud
—To reign at Eton, earning both respect

And love ; to rule as Arnold ruled of old,
 The King of masters, or as he who last
 Resigned the Headship of their school, the which
 He left, all full of honour and of love,
 And sense of duty done. Well Eton holds



In reverence deep, and for example
 bright,

The name of WARRE! Where'er
 thou art be sure

Thy Eton loves thee well, and for thee
 holds

A niche amongst her great ones of the
 past

That none have e'er with greater lustre filled.

Yes, all these paths let Eton still pursue
 In manner worthy of her old-time name ;
 Yet let her not forget that there is one
 That doth entail more honour in its search
 Than all the rest combined—the doing good ;
 Not as the fickle world esteemeth good,
 Through acts insuring high renown and fame,
 But to his fellow-man, no matter where
 Or what his lot ; the humblest soul that craves
 For help, and pleads, let him not be denied ;
 It matters not if that should needed be
 For soul or body vexed. Though none may know
 Or hear of this thy act, and only One
 Alone take note of motive and intent,



Entrance to Courtyard of Old Brewhouse, Eton

Of this be sure, for each such loving cup
Of service given, a record lives, and He,
Who judgeth not of men as others judge,
But Who takes note of motives more than acts,
Of deeds, the promptings whence they spring, and then
Awards the praise, He shall sum up thy life
From early boyhood's days to manhood's prime,
To the more sombre autumn that precedes
The winter of old age, as that of one
Whose wealth lay in the kindnesses he did,

Whose fame lay in the many hidden deeds
Of love bestowed, unbidden and unknown,
Whose name, though few had heard it during life,
Still held its place in countless hearts relieved,
In blessings uttered by those "little ones"
Who found a helper in some sore distress—

With sons like these, so long as Eton sends
Them forth, she can still proudly boast that she
Doth ever flourish in the truest sense.



WHAT SHALL I WISH THEE?

To L. G.

WHAT shall I wish thee? *Happiness?*
 This well I know thou canst not have—
 Not in the measure I would give,
 Pressed fully down to its o'erflow.
 Shall it be *Wealth?* That thou may'st find
 Thy heart's desire, and all it craves,
 Thy wants supplied with lavish hand?
 Ah, never yet did gold command
 The road to peace, or solace grief.
 Or is it *Health?*—that will suffice
 To do "whatever comes to hand"
 With all thy might, at Duty's call,
 To serve thy friends, deny thyself,
 And strive to give of that which God
 Hath given thee, to some poor soul
 With suffering and with anguish cursed;
 To take thee 'midst the outcast ones,
 Those homeless wandering Pariahs,
 Who kneel to pick the very crumbs,
 That fall from off thy well-stored board;
 Let them be smirched with vice or sin,
 God grant thee strength of soul and will
 To stretch a hand that's strong to raise
 Those fallen. Stay not then to ask
 The cause that brought the sufferer low;
 First try the sick one's need to meet,
 First feed the starving stomach, ere

You probe the depths of woe to find
From him the wherefore of his fall;
Our Master never stayed to ask
The reason Why—enough for Him
The palsied and the leprous limb,
The widow's tear, the sister's cry,
The woman taken in the act,
The thief condemned; to each and all
The pitying voice in mercy sent
The words of comfort and of hope.
"Go thou and likewise do," and still
This plain command re-echoes on,
And will through centuries to come.
"There is that doeth good not one."
And he alone to-day who knows
No vice, should cast a stone at sin.
Yet, more than all, I wish thee *Love*—
Love *in* thyself, the love that's strong
To all thy fellows, and forgives,
That bears no malice, and that brings
In closest touch with thine the soul
That gives it, in communion true;
Love *for* thyself, that holds thee dear
Whate'er befall thee in thy life,
In sorrow, sickness, crime, or death;
A love so closely knit that naught
That man's or devil's wit can do,
Will break a single thread that binds
The love of those thou lov'st to thee.



Streathy Hill, Goring. — Claude A. Kewortham

THE THAMES

Ah, what memories, sweet and tender,
Are not fondly linked with thee !
Not in words is it to render
What those thoughts bring back to me.

On thy glassy sunlit reaches,
'Neath thy froth-tossed rushing weirs,
By thy lawns of stalwart beeches,
Banks where otters have their lairs ;

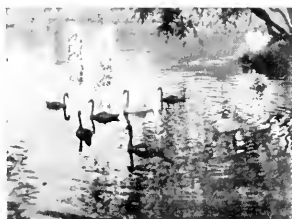
Dabchicks hiding in the sedges,
Osier beds where moor hens lie,
Rushes fringing in the edges,
Willow shades for lovers shy ;

Banks where ripples softly making
Music 'neath the sheltering boughs,
Beat in time to couples taking
Kisses sweet to pledge their vows.



'Neath the lilies' green-leafed bedding
Hides the sheen of white and gold,
And the tender petals spreading,
All their beauty there unfold.

Sandy, shelving, island beaches,
Where the moulting swan retires;
Here her laggard cygnet teaches,
And herself anew attires,





Cliveden.—C. A. R.

Where the kingfishers are flitting,
Flashing tints of red and blue,
And the golden wren is twitt'ring
'Neath the bushes, hid from view,



Sunset near Wallingford.—C. A. R.

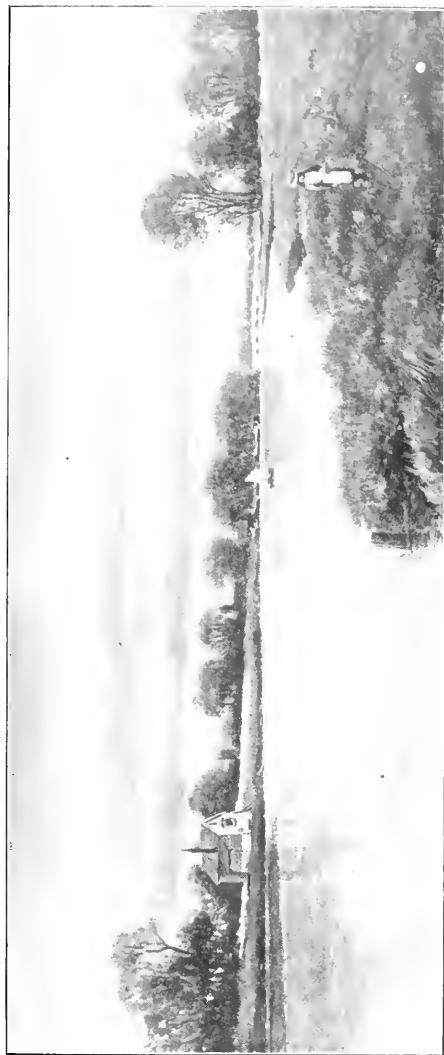
I have watched the purple loosestrife
Change to later crimson tints,
Which with care some youthful housewife
Gathered with the mauve-grey mints,



Boveney Church

That she might with tasteful looping
Of the figwort's scarlet knots,
Or its autumn brown seeds drooping,
And some blue forget-me-nots,

Decorate her cottage dwelling,
Or a laughing, wayward child,
And with these, the rest excelling,
Wind a wreath of roses wild.



At Wallingford

James J. H. H. H.



Cliveden.—C. A. R.

Here are groups of purple mallows,
Patches green of grassy plots,
Waving flags in sunlit shadows,
Bordered by forget-me-nots.



Through the fields the cattle veering,
Thither come at eve to drink,
Standing curious, dreaming, peering,
Mirrored in the river's brink.

Ah, what sound comes half so wistful
As the kiss the ripples give
To the skiff side so resistful
Of a love too brief to live.



I have watched the minnow flitting
'Midst the shoals of roach and perch,
While the finches round me twitt'ring,
Sought their mates in gleeful search.



*Cliveden.—C. A. R.*

'Midst the grasses, 'midst the seed heads,
Blue-winged butterflies alight,
And the "Small Heaths" on the stem beds
Find their rest the coming night.

Here the roving wasp is taking
Home the spoil from camp and boat,
And the dragon-fly is making
Raids where water lilies float.

There the fierce *Dytiscus*, sweeping,
Seizes on the helpless fry,
And the black-tailed spiders, creeping,
For their prey 'neath bubbles try.

Waving poplars, sentry keeping
 Silent watch some hamlet o'er,
Where the village lights are peeping,
 And its clock chimes out the hour.

Oft at sunset have I wandered
 By thy silvery, winding way,
And in idle moments pondered
 On each soft reflected ray.

So at twilight have I drifted,
 While the bats around me flew,
As, the veil above me lifted,
 Star on star came into view.

Then the mirrored surface shimmered,
 Shifting moonbeams cast their spell,
While the rippling river glimmered,
 And the shadows round me fell.

These the memories that soften
 Recollections of the past ;
They will cheer my heart when often
 It is chilled by winter's blast.



ONE WROTE HIS LIFE

One wrote his life in ink ;
Once white and clean the page
Now covered o'er with smears and blots,
And brown and seared with age.

One wrote his life in blood.
The blade, once gleaming bright,
Is rusted o'er with stains of gore,
And sheathed away from sight.

One wrote his life in gold,
In dreams of gilded wealth.
His ill-got gains were ruined lives,
The spoils of greed and stealth.

One wrote his life in sand ;
The lines with care he traced,
But turning tides have washed the beach,
And all those lines effaced.

One wrote his life in grief;
Though once he knew not pain,
Yet sorrow came, and scorching tears—
Death was his greatest gain.

One wrote his life in toil—
Labour to him was sweet—
Yet lived to find with weary hands
Naught save the husks to eat.

One wrote his life in pain,
For Suffering's child was he;
Deformed and maimed, he saw the light,
A gnome for life to be.

One wrote his life in crime;
His first, a trivial sin;
The mine was laid, a breach was made,
For vice to enter in.

One wrote his life in fame—
"To save or serve the State"—
Yet lived to find a spectral past,
The land he served, ingrate.

One wrote his life in self;
For him the world spun round,
And all of life in heaven or earth
In his poor soul was found.

One wrote his life in dreams;
Had wedded one for aye;



That day-dream fair was ever there—
Would Love had come to stay!

One wrote his life in love
For every bleeding soul,
From fire to save the smoking flax,
To mend the broken bowl.

Thus each writes out his life—
A hand that's good or bad,
And each has left some blotted lines,
That score his telltale pad.

The writing is the man;
Write he on what he will,
His palimpsest betrays his past,
This Heaven nor hell can kill.

A MIDNIGHT REVERIE

O MY soul, how sad the yearning
That the midnight hour betrays,
Rising silent, hot tears burning,
Sad remorse for bygone days.

Wrestlings vain with demons cursing,
Dreaded fancies rack my brain,
Doubts and fears each horror nursing,
Bringing madness in their train.

Round my heart a bond seems tightening,
Holding me with iron grip ;
O my God, is there no lightening,
Of this hell through which to slip ?

Faces pass in weird procession,
Some are mocking, some are sad ;
O my God, what strange possession
Holds my brain, or am I mad ?

.
Then some lines of childhood's teaching
Come as echoes from the grave,
Of a mother's love outreaching
Pleading hands her child to save.



“Now I’m sitting in the gloaming”

Page 33

And again I hear the lifting
Of a voice in sweetest strain,
Hear from out the darkness drifting,
Through this mist of writhing pain :—
“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

Now I'm sitting in the gloaming,
And the tender chords I hear;
In childhood's days again I'm roaming;
Falls this cadence on my ear :—
“Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.”

As the shadows round are flinging
Night's dark curtain on the scene,
Back to me, the night winds bringing,
Come these words the gusts between :—
“Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me
abide.”

Now as slumber's arms enfold me,
In that half-unconscious state,
Something fondly seems to hold me;
Voices sweet reiterate
“Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.”

Now there comes, so softly streaming,
Through the open casement pane,
Fitful moonbeams silvery gleaming,
Lighting Memory's page again.
For a "kindly Light" I'm pleading,
Through the darkness me to guide,
"Moor and fen and crag" unheeding,
While that *Light* doth by me bide.
Here a strain familiar falling
Tells me that despite of fears,
There's a loving voice that's calling,
That "remembers not past years."
Then I seem to hear sweet voices,
Rising from a village choir;
This their anthem:—"God rejoices
And the angel hosts conspire
Home to welcome every outcast,
Though his sins as scarlet be
Let his trust be only steadfast,
In a love he cannot see."
What is this? Have I been dreaming?
Have I been by Fancy led?
Is it real or is it seeming?
Are they phantoms from the dead?
Night has passed with all its sadness—
Gone the hours of fear and gloom;
Morning comes with smiles and gladness,
Day for visions hath no room.

For outside the birds are singing,
Waking with the breaking day,
And the old church chimes are ringing;
This the message they convey :—

“ Up ! Like men be brave and quit you,
Join the battle and the strife ;
Not like wastrels idly sit you,
Vainly fretting out your life.

Past is past— its sad regrettings,
Aimless wanderings and mistakes,
Devils’ temptings, sin’s besettings—
Stirs he fires who ashes rakes.

For the future no forebodings—
In your hands its making lies ;
Time’s wheel clog not with corrodings—
Present in the future dies.

Therefore every moment gripping,
Wrestle with it all your might,
Lest the moments from you slipping
Leave you helpless in their flight.

Look not back with vain repining—
‘ Forward ! ’ let your watchword be ;
Then in time of Life’s declining,
Peaceful shall your resting be.”



MY CHESTNUT TREE

I PASSED it by in winter time,
And it was bare ;
I came again in early spring,
And buds were there.
When later on the buds had burst
I found it green ;
When next I came, 'twas full of leaf—
A beauteous screen
Of outstretched branches sheltered me,
With blossoms white ;
Each petal's stain of crimson red
Hid out of sight.
And later on I passed and saw
Lying around,
These fairy blossoms thickly laid,
Strewing the ground.



“They saddened me, these naked boughs”

Then when the summer days had gone
The children came,
To gather green-cased nuts, and play
Their childish game ;
Or strewing them together there,
A necklace make ;
Who would not be a child again,
For that hour's sake ?
And when in autumn days I strolled
Along that way,
The leaves were dropping from the boughs,
And 'neath me lay ;
While some of these, their colour changed,
Since fallen down,
No longer green, but dank from rain,
Were turned to brown.
Again the winter's frost had come,
And drifting snow
Had covered up the fallen leaves ;
The autumn's glow
Was gone, and waving branches bare
Swayed in the blast
That shook and tossed them to and fro,
As it rushed past.
They saddened me, these naked boughs
Of leaves bereft ;
The dying year the tree had stripped,
And nothing left.

And yet I knew that life still stirred
Within the sap ;
That the protecting bark around
Did kindly wrap ;
That hidden currents slowly moved,
And held their course,
That would again bring leaf and bud
From secret source ;



“ Of leaves bereft ”

And then life's pulse
would throb anew,
And we should see
Fresh buds burst forth,
and blossoms deck
My chestnut tree.

Can we its lesson lay to
heart ?

When all seems dead
Within, and winter's
frost doth fill

Our souls with dread,
There is a coming time
of spring,

When buds will ope,

And that which now seems void of life
Will blossom Hope !

HE SERVED THE STATE

LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON



To rise above the noisy clamour of the
mob,
To hold with one set purpose, ever
strong and sure,
His country's honour always first, nor
yet to rob,
Those 'neath his rule of theirs, nor yet
to them allure

By specious bribes of place to an allegiance that
Is ever hollow, as the oath that binds the man,
Who takes and lightly breaks it.

When that Consul sat
Who gave the Indian Empire shape in so short span
Of life, that we who now look back through mist of years
And scan the struggles of those earliest days, are lost
In wonder at the subtle brain that, scorning jeers,
Defied the taunts of liars, nor did count the cost
Of pain to self, at Duty's or to Country's call;
Yet there were those, so shameless in their jealous hate
That genius oft inspires, so lustful for his fall,
Who spread the lie that he the welfare of the State
Had used as public foil for his own private need.

Not since those far-off days
Has England owed to those who followed in his wake,
A debt she finds so hard to pay, as now to him
Who lately ruled, and strove for King and Country's sake
(And earned a fame that Time itself can never dim)
To weld so strong a chain of Empire in the East
That no weak links be left its greatest strength to test,
Should outside strain from those we might expect it least
Be placed on England's rule, and so from her to wrest
The brightest gem of all in her wide Empire's sway.
No fear of this when such like sons as he be found
To guard the Nation's rights, and hold her foes at bay,
Whose care shall be that all may gladden at the sound,
When heard, that tells the flapping of that Ensign flag,
Which, whereso'er it waves, proclaims the wide world
o'er,
Of equal rights vouchsafed; that chains shall drag no more
On those who refuge seek at Freedom's—England's—door.

Let any brawling critic loose his wagging tongue,
Or bitter spleen be freely vent in vengeful cry,
Because the right of equal right for man be wrung
At any cost from those who would this right deny.
Be his the rightful boast that he did ever strive
To look with open mind on racial ties that bind,
And through the coming years will surely keep alive
The bond that ever holds the oriental mind.
When there is writ the story of his 'ventful life,
Sufficient be for him that it can then be said,

“He knew no caste, nor took he loan of racial strife
Some hostile foe to stay ; the pestilence so dread,
The famine, and the burning drought, he wisely fought ;
No sacrifice of self to him seemed ever great,
Nor often to the needs of sickness gave he thought.
His title to a people’s love—‘HE SERVED THE STATE.’”



"WHAT IS LIFE?"



IN sunlit particles of dust that stream
Through shuttered pane, and glisten
in the light
That thus illumines with invading
beam
The dancing atoms hidden from our
sight;
A dust mote is the aerial chariot
sprite
That wafts its myriad microbes on its
wheels,
A messenger that in its wayward
flight
Oft carries death, and which from
death life steals.

A grain that's sown and hidden fructifies
Not needing air, still strives to reach the air;
The millions moving in each speck that dies
In stagnant water lying in sedgy lair;
The magic-moving cells within the sap,
That urge the silent growth in stem and leaf,



Life and Death

The mildew on some peel, the musty cap,
 That oftentimes finds its home within the sheaf;
 A drop that's filched with needle point and dried,
 A single drop, from some soft-coated vein,
 Though years elapse since it was laid aside,
 The trillionth part of that one drop that's ta'en,
 Is potent still Death's message to convey.¹
 The moisture resting on the pane o'er night,
 And which with morning sun doth pass away,
 Or that which from the breath obscures the sight,
 Of passing view, comes charged with death and life.
 And Death (for he, Life's shadow, waiting lies
 Relentless, ever hungering for the strife
 Unmindful of the fact that nothing dies)
 To reap his fleeting victory hurries by
 To seize his prey, that at his touch doth flee—
 Elusive as the sound of parting sigh
 Or flicker of a smile we cannot see—
 And finds that in the passing it is lost,
 For there is that which ever in the van
 Of Life, takes hold of Death at any cost,
 To snatch his triumph, wrestle how he can.
 Then life, renewed, awakes that he may find
 A Force Eternal ever by his side,
 That useth death life's closing eyes to blind,
 That He may thus through passing change life guide.

¹ Refers to Koch's experiment with the septicæmic mouse.



The Quadrangle, Q. C. C.

K. K.

OUR STUDENT DAYS ¹

THERE are no spots on earth so dear,
So bright on mem'ry's page,
That seem to bring the past so near,
And never dim with age,

As those old haunts and wooded ways
That hold for you and me
The tend'rest links of far-off days
That fondly yet we see.

Those college friends so dear to us,
Those faces lit with glee,
What though they oft ran riotous?
Their faults we ne'er did see.

¹ Set to music by Alicia Needham.

And lasting friendships there begun,
Of lifelong mould were made;
These will, until our sand has run,
Be there, though all else fade.

And as our thoughts fly back to home,
We live the hours again,
Once more through those old grounds we roam,
Once more we feel as then.

So let us lift our glass to-night,
And let this be our toast,
“Those Student days”—kept ever bright—
“Days we have loved the most.”



FIFTY YEARS AFTER

FOUR glorious struggles of our Empire isle,
Four battles won by dauntless courage shown
On Alma's heights, in Inkerman's defile,
In that immortal charge which shall be known
Through time—the maddest race for death and fame
A wondering world has seen; the deathless brave
That England ever honours; here a name
That ne'er will perish—Balacava; grave
Of heroes that did blind obedience give
To duty's call, though they did know full well
That few there were who should return and live
To tell the story of that gunners' hell.
And last, Sebastopol, the final feat
Of an insensate war; the leaguered town
The raising of whose siege would mean retreat,
Disaster, and disgrace, the dragging down
Of England's standard, and her old renown.
But every breach and every conquered gun
Should lustre add, and with fresh glory crown
The hour that told Sebastopol was won.
Yet still, though fifty years since then have sped,
Some few whose deeds it was who saved those days
Remain—a remnant of that line of red
That scaled the Alma's heights, and fought their ways

Through dense and serried ranks of stubborn foes.
Alas, that we must now go search for these
In pauper homes ! Is't thus the debt she owes
That England pays, while she her heroes sees
In age, and want, and sickness drifting out
Of life to paupers' graves ? Should this be so,
Methinks that then we very much may doubt
Her children will to future greatness grow !



NOTE.—Three old Crimean soldiers, who were present at Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Sebastopol, were in the Croydon Workhouse when these lines were written. Their respective ages were eighty-four, seventy-eight, and seventy-nine years. Many Crimean veterans have died in workhouses, and there are still several in Unions.



THE ROSE

A MAID that opes her velvet lips
 To us allure,
And blushing down to her finger tips,
 A vestal pure,
Surpasses all in her loveliness
 And virgin grace,
And oft is sent as ambassadress,
 For love's embrace.

I found her when those lips were moist
 With morning dew ;
Her beauty then my heart rejoiced—
 Ere I withdrew
I held her blushing, and I caught
 From her sweet breath
The fragrance I so lightly bought ;
 Her virgin death.



THE SULLEN MAN

"We may *like* a sullen man; we cannot love him."¹

'Twas thought that no one loved him—
So it was often said—
He lived alone in chambers;
A sullen man seemed Ted.

He worked in a Government office
That lay by Whitehall way;
He came and went in silence;
Seldom a word did say.

They whispered of some story
That clouded all his life;
A past he could not part with,
Wrecked by a fallen wife.

None knew what sorrows nurtured
The silence of the man;
Nor did they guess the reasons
He social life must ban.

A blind and aged mother,
A widowed sister's boy,
(Her husband killed in Egypt,
Her child, Ted's only joy).

¹ Quotation from an eloquent divine.

The sister—"Nan," they called her—
Had dearly loved the man.
In their young days together
Ted was "the child of Nan."

They climbed the crags in summer,
Purloined the sea bird's nest;
They fished for shrimps in shallows;
On sands for shells made quest;



In winter watched the breakers
Dash o'er the lighthouse rock,
And saw the surging billows
The pier's defences mock.

She helped him with his lessons,
And took his part at school;
Oft saved by secret prompting
His knuckles from the rule.

She saw the days of childhood
Pass into early youth ;
When manhood came, this brother
She knew the soul of truth ;

Read of his college honours
With all a sister's pride ;
Welcomed him home the morning
He brought his laughing bride.

Then came Nan's day of trouble,
When life was clouded o'er,
When her young heart was riven
Through, to its very core.

For Nan had wed a soldier,
And knew his risk of life ;
She paid the price with many
A soldier's sorrowing wife.

Her father died, and left her
Poor, with her orphan son ;
A mother, aged and helpless ;
Thus her life's web was spun.

Ted brought his bride to London,
And found a chum to share
Some rooms close by his office—
He had not much to spare.

He held a Treasury clerkship—
At times his hours were late;
Never a thought distressed him
Of what might happen Kate.

One evening, homewards going,
A carriage passed him by;
In it the wife he trusted,
For whom he'd gladly die.

He saw his friend beside her,
The pair in guilty flight;
Struck dumb, he stood and watched them
Till they were out of sight.

Enough he'd seen to show him
The falseness of the one,
The treachery of the other;
And all his life undone.

.
Some lives are lived in minutes
Of concentrated grief,
In agony of torture
That knoweth no relief.

That night a haggard figure,
—Ghastly and weird its mien—
Sat in a vacant chamber,
Ghost of what once had been;

Holding a crumpled letter,
All moistened through with tears ;



Dazed, stupefied and speechless ;
Its lines had aged him years.

They told of false betrayal,
A passing passion's thrall ;
Limnered the oft-told story—
A tempted woman's fall.

For hours he held that letter,
And strove his fate to fight;
The borderland of reason
Was almost crossed that night.

Next day delirium seized him;
As fever racked his brain
He showed by "idle comments"
What gave his thoughts their train.

Nan and his mother nursed him
Those days with tender care,
While his unconscious wanderings
Laid his heart's secret bare.

He knew not when he wakened;
He thought that he had dreamed,
And all that then had happened,
To him a nightmare seemed.

They lived with him in London,
Made him their constant care;
They longed to share the burden
He schooled his heart to bear.

They loved him—*how* they loved him,
Each silent suffering mood;
The days when he was sullen
They knew and understood.

.



“My God!—can this be *Kate*?”

One night Ted was returning
Through slowly rising fog,
In cold and raw November,
A night to scare a dog—

There stood a slender woman,
Half shrouded in the gloom;
She held the narrow pathway—
He stepped aside for room.

The face, in great part hidden,
Showed only pleading eyes;
The hooded cloak held tightly,
Completed the disguise.

An outstretched hand was pleading
In silence for a dole.
Ted turned, and looked in pity
At this poor homeless soul.

“Why here?” The kindly question
He thought she did not hear,
But, shrinking farther from him,
Seemed horror-struck with fear.

“Just say—can I assist you?”
Ted asked in gentlest way.
“Thank you!” she muttered hoarsely,
“For God’s sake do not stay!”

There was a moment's struggle
With love inviolate ;
Ted's hands were on her shoulders—
“My God !—can this be *Kate* ?”

He drew her, yielding, to him,
Held her with searching eyes ;
“Come home to Nan and mother !”—
Thus love its death defies.

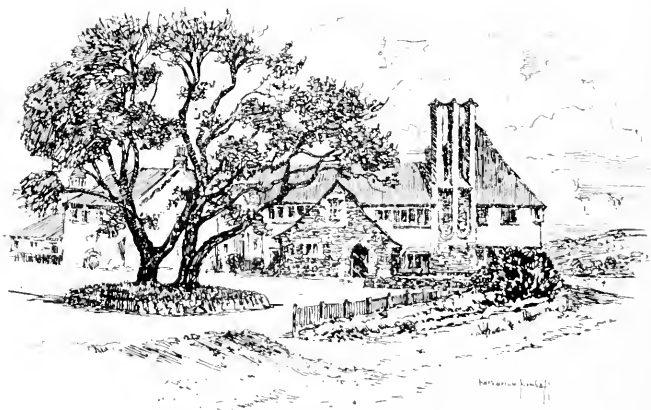


TO A MEDIUM

(A Cosmic Meeting)

I MET a spirit in the night,
Seen by a faint magnetic light.
Her misty form encompassed mine;
Her cosmic force did then combine
To alter all there was of me
Till I did doubt if I could be.
Indeed, I felt that I was she;
And yet I thought that she was me!
A union so unique and strange
A true "transition," yet no change,
For she was she, and I was I
As she passed through and I passed by!





THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOSPITAL ON THE GARELOCH

A PRINCESS loved for kindly deeds
Once here her home had found :
It answered all her simple needs,
Here she her grace shed round.

The music of the Gareloch's tide,
The sighing of the trees,
That grow hard by on Roseneath's side,
Responsive to the breeze ;



The Gareloch from Whistlefield
(By permission of Messrs Raphael Tuck & Sons)

H. Winbush

The hills that capped the Gareloch head,
The “Argyle’s Bowlin’ Green”;
The glints of sun that o’er them shed
The crimson tints at e’en;

All brought fresh pleasure to a mind
That peace and nature loved,
For here she found them both combined
Where’er around she roved.

Each nook within these cottage walls
Of her became a part,
(More homely than her Castle halls)
The impress of her art.

And still she brings her gracious smile
To welcome and to cheer
The “Boys” who here the time beguile,
To whom that smile is dear.

Let him who doubts a visit pay
And see, as I have seen,
Those Roseneath lads upon a day
Their loved Princess has been.

"JUST ONE "

THE world doth count it folly
 Deep in the depths to seek,
And drag to life the secrets
 Of which we dread to speak.

The world doth count it madness
 To ope the close-barred door,
To show the cobwebbed ceiling,
 The littered, unswept floor.

To raise the tight-shut windows,
 Fling back the shuttered blinds,
Admit the searching daylight,
 The bleak and hungering winds.

And some may hold it impious
 To let a strange foot tread,
The chambers where are hidden,
 The ghosts of follies dead.

That curious eyes should wander
 And scan the treasured past,
Or wanton hands should finger,
 The relics Time has cast.



"Just One"

"The chambers where are hidden
The ghosts of follies dead"

Page 60



The dust of seasons over,
That cloud from memory's view;
Why brush aside the cobwebs,
And bring them back anew?

Are there no sacred niches
In which some idols stand
'Twere surely sacrilegious
To touch with stranger hand.

For some are relics given
In trust for us to share,
And love and honour bind us,
That hallowed trust to care.

For these are barred and bolted
Away from vulgar sight;
Not all the powers of darkness
Could drag them into light.

And still, I ween, 'tis solace
To any hard-tried soul,
When storm-tossed 'neath the darkness,
And breakers o'er him roll;

When doubt, remorse, and peril
Come with the turning tide,
To feel that touch of kinship,
A hand outstretched beside.

Just one to hear our secret,
Just one to bring relief,
Just one in sin or sorrow,
Just one to share our grief;

To know one soul will pity,
Will shed with us a tear,
Nor stand aside in anger,
Nor yet pollution fear.

For naught in Earth or Heaven,
Can with this thought compare—
That soul joins soul in oneness,
The other's woes to bear.

Take up the downcast's story,
Give out of hope and strength,
That though the night be darkest,
The dawn will come at length.

So when the withers wring us,
And all within seems hell,
Let us "just one" draw near us,
And him our secret tell.

A SCOUT

To F. R. Burnham

WHAT owe we to our Empire sons
From distant lands?
Far more than we can e'er repay
With both our hands!
Still in our time of need there came
One of our kin—
A "rider rough," in war's cruel game,
That we might win,
Of instinct keen, of noble heart,
When all seemed lost,
When skies were dark, to take his part
Nor count the cost
To wife or child; nor gave he thought,
Nor did he pause,
Until he gained the end he sought
In England's cause.

Such men Columbia loves to rear
From British seed,
And holds that few can still compare
With this old breed
That pioneered and led the way
Her land throughout;
As in the past, so 'tis to-day,
The wide world's scout.

FOLLOW THOU ME

The forest darkens, night is closing in;
I've lost the path, and stand in doubt within;
A rustle in the trees, a voice comes near,
And whispers: "Stand not, halt not, waiting here—
Follow thou Me."

The sea is raging—hear the angry roar;
The harbour lights are lost, we near the shore;
Above the waves from out the storm-tossed foam
A voice comes—"Fear not, I will lead thee home;
Follow thou Me."

The mist is gathering on the mountain side;
I lose my foothold, feel the snowdrift glide;
I know the chasm's near, the crevasse deep;
Stumbling, I fall; a voice calls: "Do not sleep—
Follow thou Me."

The rended earth tells of a seismic wave;
Where dwellings were, now only sea doth lave.
The flames burst forth—I stand in awe and fear;
A voice is by my side: "What doest thou here?
Follow thou Me."

The battle's over; helpless in defeat,
Hopeless I struggle on in wild retreat;
Wounded and faint, I dread the following foe;
A gentle voice comes: "Fear not, halt not, so.
Follow thou Me."

And now the time when life is almost o'er—
I near the door that shuts to ope no more.
I long to hear that voice so soft and sweet—
“Take courage, brother—thou and I shall meet !
Follow thou Me.”

A VIOLET

A violet rests in a wooded bower
Sweet and fresh from a passing shower ;
’Tis the morning hour.

A violet lies in a maiden’s breast
Hidden there with a lover’s jest ;
’Tis the evening hour.

A violet crushed with a crumpled note,
(Lines that the fickle Jester wrote)
’Tis the midnight hour.

A violet dried, of a faded hue,
Telling of love that it only knew
For a fleeting hour.



“I AM THAT I AM”

THE wind passed through the forest,
And whispered on its way,

“Where is the Eternal?”

The swaying pines responded—

“In silent depths I stay ;

I AM THAT I AM.”

The wind swept o’er the ocean,
And asked its mists of grey—

“Where is the Eternal?”

Each billow’s crest responded,

Through clouds of foam-tossed spray—

“I AM THAT I AM.”

The wind blew through the valley,
Where melting snow-drifts lay ;

“Where is the Eternal?”

Each deep ravine responded—

“Where shifting shadows play ;

I AM THAT I AM.”

The wind rushed o'er the mountain,
Where fitful sunbeams stray ;
 "Where is the Eternal?"
Each cloud-capped peak responded—
"Here since the break of day ;
 I AM THAT I AM."

The wind passed through a chamber,
Where Death had sought his prey ;
 "Where is the Eternal?"
The *Still Small Voice* responded—
"Here, holding Death at bay.
 I AM THAT I AM."

The wind knocked at a cottage,
Where Love kept watch and sway ;
 "Where is the Eternal?"
She answered on the threshold—
"Here, ever and a day.
 I AM THAT I AM."



Hans Makart
"Hearing"

THE FIVE SENSES

I THOUGHT a whisper passed this way ;
I looked around if I might hear

What more 'twould say.

In vain I listened, for my ear
Could catch no sound, yet I could swear
'Twas very near.

I felt a touch upon my brow ;
I started, for no soul I knew

Was by me now.

Yet something, sure, of substance light,
With feather touch, whate'er it was,
Had vanished quite.

There crossed my path a vision fair ;
The outlines clear my eye could scan,
Of substance bare ;

I turned to see the misty face—
Of shadowy form or lineament
There was no trace.

The faintest breath of perfume sweet
And rare I caught, and wondered that
I there should meet ;

No flower or plant of any kind,
No odorous thing, was growing there
That I could find.



Hans Makart
"Taste"



Hans Makart
"Sight"

"The Five Senses," by Hans Makart, was in the Jubilee Exhibition of the Emperor Francis Joseph, in Vienna, in 1898.

And with that odour faint and strange
A flavour came, and searching through
 The widest range
Of things I knew had touched my tongue,
Could not recall in aught its like,
 All these among.

And thus my senses all were stirred —
Sight, hearing, smell, and taste, and touch;
 My thought no word
Descriptive of the thing I knew
Could frame; at once the transient sense
 Elusive flew

From mental grasp; each would efface
The other's view, strive how I might,
 And leave no trace.
And somehow, still, I could recall
Some mem'ry dim that passed again
 From each and all.

Can we not here some symbol see?
A something that reminds us of
 The thing that we
As Genius know? 'Tis like the wind
We cannot either hold or see,
 And none can bind;



Hans Makart
"Smell"



Hans Makart
"Touch"

That bloweth where it listeth best,
 Let that be to whatever place
 It goes as guest.
 And when its farewell bow it makes,
 We cannot tell—the restless thing—
 What way it takes.

And yet upon its wistful track,
 Some sign or mark if we but seek,
 On looking back,
 Betrays the fact that Genius liath,
 In some of all its million shapes,
 Betrod that path;

And ofttimes taketh by its side
 One of these wayward senses five,
 To be its guide
 In colour, or harmonious touch;
 The blossom's perfume poets paint,
 Describing such

In rhythmic verse. Or yet it gives
 The nectarous draught for us to drain;
 So Genius lives.

And by its light, the human race
 In fitful mood doth progress make,
 And moves apace.



Dorothy Hardy

LOOKING BACK

To A. C.

3rd March 1907

I TOILED along with weary stride
The hard and flint-strewn path;
I longed to see the aspect wide,
The beauty sunset hath,
The glorious rays that spread abroad
Their fulgence o'er the scene;
I heeded not the rugged road,
I halted not, I ween,

But onward pressed to gain the crest,
And, lest my courage fail,
Though fainting oft, I took no rest,
That highest ridge to scale.

At last I reached the longed-for spot,
The summit of the hill;
Here quickly all the toil forgot,
While rapture did me thrill.

I thought not of the toilsome way,
Nor of the recent pain;
The calm that comes with closing day,
The peace that's in its wane,

Were to my soul a joyous psalm
That came from hill and vale,
That held in them the soothing balm
I drew from loch and dale.

The wandering lamb's faint distant bleat,
The tinkle of the bells,
The nestling heather 'neath my feet,
Cast all around their spells.

A silver streak far in the West
Its winding track pursues,
A river running far in quest
Of fleeting rainbow hues.



"A river running far in quest
Of fleeting rainbow hues,"

And now the sinking orb of light
Stands out from circling gloom,
While dazzling rays, perplexing sight,
Tell to the day its doom.

In reverie I some time sat,
And into dreaming fell;
I mused, while thinking some day that
I too should hear my knell,

And, looking back, my mental scope
Must view the path I trod,
Ere I commence to walk that slope
That leads me to my God.

The many acts before me lay
In which I played my part;
I saw in each sun setting ray
Some sin that tore my heart.

While every hillock climbed below,
And each deep valley shade,
Seemed in my reverie to show,
Temptation's conquest made.

There saw I depths of dark despair,
And heights of joyous glee,
Resolves to do what duty dare,
To set my shackles free.

And gliding through this sunset scene,
I saw that silver streak,
That ran throughout the misty screen
Of memory's vision weak.

I knew the river's course would end
In Time's great ocean bed,
And Love, that river's name, would lend
Fresh courage as it sped.

And with that sinking sunset glow
To light my journey down,
What gales soever harsh may blow,
All craven fears I'll drown.

And when at last that valley dread
I reach with closing night,
There'll come the moon and stars instead
To be my lantern light.

And thus I'll pass that welcome gate,
That ends my journey here,
And there is One, however late,
Will grasp my hand when there.

ORATORY

*Demosthenes*

Not in Rhetoric's studied style,
In metaphor most choice,
Not in wondrous flow of words,
Or rare melodious voice ;

Not in suiting gesture's play
And action to each thought,
Not in easy grace and pose
Is oratory sought.

Swiftly moving like the flood
That varies in its course,
Carrying all that stands before
With irresistful force,

Both the heart and soul it stirs
By its impelling tide,
Rushing onward, deep and strong,
Arousing passions wide,

Deepest depths it issues from,
Where fierce emotions lie ;
Forth it bursts with force unchecked,
And sweeps all barriers by.

Scorning oft-times Reason's check,
It casts her reins aside ;
Letting feeling have full play,
No curb it doth abide.

Like some sympathetic note
That stirs vibrating strings ;
Waves that pass to kindred chords,
The movement music brings.

So do thoughts responsive rise
And move in rapt accord ;
Silent surging waves that start
With each appealing word.

Here is seen that rarest gift
That springs from golden speech ;
Godlike power to hold in hands
Each soul our words can reach.



Cicero

THE PRIZE OF LIFE

“The Kingdom of God is within you.”

*St Andrews, Hampstead,
24th February 1907.*

Look around and see — the course
Is open to your eye,
Starting point and goal, as each
Prize winner passeth by.

See the foremost there; he holds
Aloft a golden key,
Set with jewels rare, and yet
Somehow it seems to me,

With uneasy glance and look
He gazeth envious back
On some winner who before
Hath triumphed on the track.

See that coronet! How won?
From those remorseful fears,
Oft betrayed by pallid face,
You learn,—by widows’ tears!

Speak they there the dread he feels,
Lest elsewhere he may meet

Mocking souls, the ruined lives,
That here he stooped to cheat.

.
Take you note of him, with crown
Of braided laurel wreathed;
Piteous war's reward to him—
This emblem thus bequeathed.

Conquering fame is his; he toys
With rank and Royal grace;
Every lip proclaims his name—
Why furrowed brow and face?

Every line that's there doth tell
Of hellish strife and death;
Haunting memories pass of these
Unto his latest breath.

.
Resting there you see one robed
In softest ermine clad;
Holding legal balance true,
Where Mercy sitteth sad.

Lifted far above the reach
Of howling clamour's cry,
Judging, yet not judged, he may
Opinion's shafts defy.

'Think you here to find the goal
Attained? Your hope is vain.
Envy's 'neath that scarlet robe,
The woolsack's seat to gain.

.

Mark that winner there; and here
You think, if anywhere,
Surely rests the prize you seek.
But ask each snow-white hair

Fluttering on that mitred brow
What he may have to say:
Answering truly, he'll reply:—
“Know then that in my day

“Waged I inward war 'gainst dread
Of rival, lest I hate,
Seeing fall to him the place
I craved for from the Great.

“Stifling truth, the truth I knew,
To reach the goal I sought,
Living Priest of Goddess Sham,
My prince's throne I bought!”

Saddest sight—a weakling Priest;
He's like some iron chain
Weakened in one point by flaws
That in its links remain.

Conscience ever sears his thoughts,
Just as in hempen rope,
Friction wears its strands away ;
There's burning 'neath his cope.

Can there be no prize, you ask,
That bringeth to this life
Rest and Peace, our souls to fill,
That, gained, shall close the strife ?

See that winner there—he wears
No crown, no outward show,
Naught that points to triumphs won ;
For him no wreathèd brow.

Where this victor's prize ? To find
It you must search within ;
Seeking God's own Kingdom—there
The Crown that he doth win.





“Seeking God’s own Kingdom—there
The Crown that he doth win.”



“While God Himself is its eternal seat.”

[*Rose Dakin*]

IMMORTALITY

To pass by instantaneous change from life
Through darkest gate of death, and then to cast
My shackles off, for ever cease the strife
That here I knew as life; to know no past,
To have no feeling roused by passion's play
On those emotions—offsprings of a brain
Of human clay that perisheth for aye—
Of which I once was wont to be so vain.
To find that thing I used to call my thought,
And fancied it so real (a slave to will),

Confusing it with mind, had come to naught
With cell and fibre—impulse lost ; and still
To know no passing change, no note of time,
A conscious state that neither lives nor dies.
For not as life and death are known to us
Can these exist in that celestial clime
Where naught that hath existence dies, for thus
Alone can aught that liveth live, as death
Is nature's gift to life, on which it thrives.
And we, when yielded up our latest breath,
Give out in death the pregnant seeds of lives
That pass in myriads to our mother earth,
The parent stock of countless myriads more—
Immortals know of no such thing as birth.
Yet there's a dream I love to ponder o'er—
A vision of a hidden life I see,
Concealed from mortal sight and human ken,
Begotten when the prisoned soul's set free ;
And growing not as growth is known to men,
But by addition of new virtues gained,
Until the severed soul, by progress slow
(Though first it heaven saw, a monster maimed),
And process strange, a change doth undergo ;
And on through countless ages, till at last
A perfect life, in every part complete,
I find, which bears no semblance to the past,
While God Himself is its eternal seat.
'Twas thus the ancient seer saw the end
Of life ; the dust to Earth gives back her due ;

SAINTE MONIQUE ET SAINT AUGUSTIN



Sheffer]

[*Tate Gallery*

“A vision of a hidden life I see.”

Page 82

She gets all she has lent, and more, to blend
Again, and this doth help her to renew
That garb which we do *Nature* call, while He
Who spirit gave, receives what is His own.
Himself immortal, this is His decree—
No waste of any mortal seed that's sown.



VOX POPULI—VOX DEI

SOME links in chains of Satan's make there be,
That he himself hath forged with special pride,
So subtly welded in, that to o'ersee
The work, to none in hell, himself beside,
Would he the task submit; with devil's glee
He sees his work complete: each hollow link,
A brittle thing that gives to the first strain,
So craftily devised that none would think
That any force would make it snap in twain.
So cunningly he lays an outer coat
Of truth o'er each thin layer of hidden lies;
To polish this, doth oft-times scripture quote,
And, labelled thus, can hellish wit devise
A trap more dangerous to poor human brain
Decoyed by myths of so-called equal rights
By those with naught to lose and all to gain,
Who lure by that which angrily incites
Unthinking mobs to clamour and to rise?
Some promise of reward, some hope of spoil
They dangle in the view of hung'ring eyes.
With little heed into what kind of soil

Are sown the seeds of thirst and lust for blood.
 They teach to them this lesson before all:
 Prosperity is crime; to throw some mud,
 Or any filth that human throats can bawl,
 At those above them in the social scale.
 "Vox populi" they shout— "This voice 'tis clear
 Becomes the voice of God "; yet shouting fail
 To see it is so only when we hear
 That voice within the people's; otherwise
 It is a lying phrase sent forth from hell
 To foment human strife, and a disguise
 To palter with the truth, with purpose fell.
 There is an equal right that all may
 claim

By law of social right and law
 divine,
 Which ever hath been glorious
 Freedom's aim;
 That to each mortal born we should
 assign

*His meed of opportunity to gain
 Some solid footing in the state he
 serves*

*In whatever way, by hand or
 brain,*

And reap reward from it as he deserves.

Not mere inheritance alone shall give
 This right by accident of wealth or birth,
 And that the humblest in the land may live



As he hath reaped according to his worth.
But all the story of the past doth show
The voice that's heard through passion's changing mood,
Doth into lawless licence quickly grow;
The fruit from which we reap sedition's food.





“With little heed into what kind of soil
Are sown the seeds of thirst and lust for blood”

Page 85



A GOLDEN WEDDING

H. L. and C. B.

23rd November 1856—23rd November 1906.

As the Ivy clings to Oak,
So close are Time's embraces;
When in these two hearts we yoke,
Love rides betwixt the traces.

Glancing through those fifty years,
As swift the moments glided,
Though blurred the view with hopes and fears,
Love was the hand that guided.

The silvery beams of Hymen's dawn
Rose o'er that Nuptial morning,
And now a golden sheen is drawn,
Another dawn adorning.

The rising sun in bath of gold
This Wedding day is laving,
And with his beams, though you be old,
He both your paths is paving.

SEEMING TO BE?

Am I what I seem to be,
Or not the thing I seem?
Is this real that you see,
Or is it but a dream?

That you look at, is that there,
And not some ghostly lie?
Whether false or whether fair,
Is this a phantom "I"?

Can it be some feigned attire,
A sort of outward sheath,
That my friends may all admire,
To cloak what lies beneath?

Stripped of this sartorial guise
My inner self doth clothe,
Which the world will canonise,
Am I a thing I loathe?

Better far the naked "I,"
And not this living sham,
And e'en the world at large defy
By seeming what I am!

Then at least the worth I'll feel
Of every proffered hand ;
Honest, true ; naught to reveal,
'Fore God and man I'll stand.

If for me there only lives
One solitary friend,
I'll know at least that what he gives,
He gives, and does not lend.

SEVERED

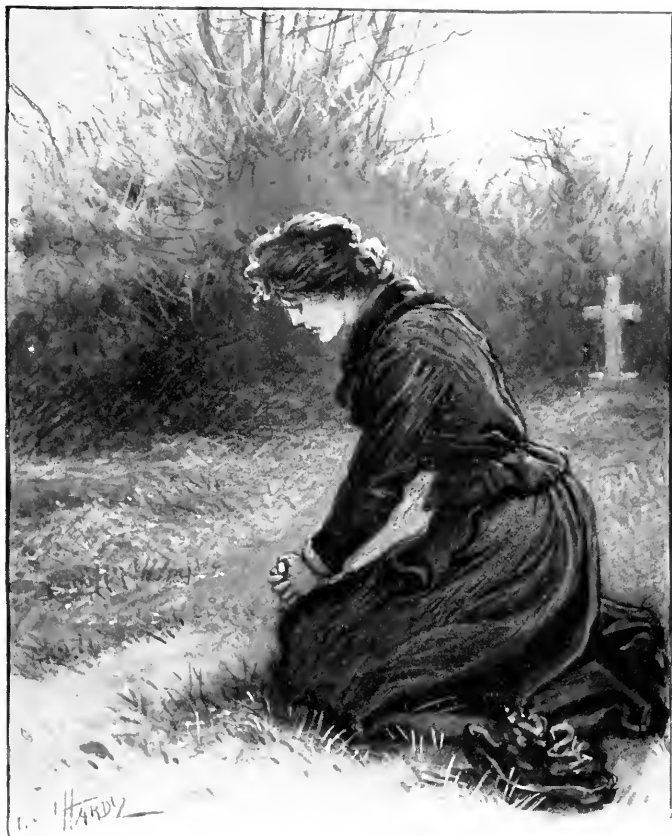
“BARE head and streaming eye,
Hands clasped and body bent ;
Strained muscles, sob and sigh,
Torn heart with sorrow rent,
Why kneel'st thou here ?”

“Down 'neath nine feet of clay,
Deep under rain-soaked clods,
Hid there from sight away
By mould and spread-out sods,
Lies my soul's love.”

“Naught save the case is here—
Beneath the casket's bare ;
Grieve not, and do not fear :
God holds the jewel fair,
It is His care.”

“True ! Yet I sad am left !
For what have I to live,
Of my soul's love bereft ?
That soul I'd freely give
To be with him.”

“Then come away with me,
Into the House of Prayer,
Nearer you cannot be ;
You'll find your soul's love there,
And be with him.”



“Bare head and streaming eye,
Hands clasped and body bent.”

Page 90

SHEILA

FLORENCE, 1895

(With apologies to T. M.)

O MY lovely Sheila fair,
My hatful, handful, saucy Sheila!
Gold's in many a woman's hair,
But silver runs through yours, my
Sheila.

Eyes with hue and sheen of sloe,
Sparkling 'neath your raven lashes,
Whispering love where'er you go,
As through them the mischief
flashes.

When your sprightly step comes near
My heart just leaps to meet you, Sheila!
When that rippling laugh I hear,
It's like to draught of nectar, Sheila.

Mirth and gladness both are found
In your face, my fairest Sheila;
Native wit has fenced you round,
With Nature's grace, my Irish Sheila.

Long may sunshine there abide,
And no sorrow touch you, Sheila!
Those you love be by your side;
Good luck attend you, lovely Sheila.

CHARACTER

Is this what will be left of me
When from myself I part?
'The self that here doth feel and see,
That hangs on brain and heart.

Take from my brain some tiny shred
Of fibre or of cell,
And then the "me" I know has fled,
But where I cannot tell.

Loose in the heart one slender string,
Some fragile valve displace;
'The thing that I call "me" takes wing,
And disappears in space.

To weigh my soul some fools would try,
With fine adjusted scales,
And soon they'll tell us what each sigh
In loss of weight entails.

My acts, my deeds, each motive thought
My self is fashioned by;
All else with me will come to naught --
'These are the only "I."

And when "I" shall take leave of "me,"
The thing that I most fear,
Will be to meet elsewhere and see
The "me" that I know here.



Brockenhurst Church, New Forest

THE OAK AND THE YEW *

(Entrance to Brockenhurst Church)

HERE, stranger, pause—who entereth by this gate
Two emblems sees, some fruitful lessons learns;
For deathless life, and lifeless death and fate
With Time's rough hand beside him he discerns.
See yonder Yew with massive trunk, that stands
Before thy view; each leafy bough of green,
With far out-reaching branches wide expands
To form a lovely yet fantastic screen.
See by its side that hollow trunk of Oak,
That oftentimes in the centuries past hath made
The hearts of those feel glad who did invoke,
And seek protection 'neath, its cooling shade.

* Circumference of oak trunk, 22 feet. Circumference of yew trunk, 18 feet.

The sturdy Oak in those days may have seen
 In early childhood's growth the infant Yew,
 And envied it in its dark sheen of green,
 And noted how with age it changed its hue;
 While youth looked up with reverence and awe,
 And marvelled when, with autumn's chilling fall,
 The loss of leaf and seeming death it saw.
 Obedient to some strange and magic call,
 With spring's appearance came a wondrous change,
 For first with tiny bud each fragile stem



Was capped, and later on a thing
 more strange
 Occurred as each small open-
 ing diadem
 Burst forth; a verdant coronet
 of leaves
 And acorns green bedecked
 each swaying bough,
 Such as a sculptor takes and interweaves
 To crown some old-time famous victor's brow.
 Alas, when winter's frost had come again,
 And stripped the tree, the withered leaves lay
 brown
 And dank, while all around the acorns then,
 Quite sodden now, had fallen thickly down.
 These both a carpet made about the Yew,
 Which, wondering, thus each fleeting season saw
 The vesture of the Oak each branch renew,
 Responsive to some undetermined law,



“The old Oak died; the growing Yew survived”

In death, new birth and rearing, growth, decay,
Of bud and leaf and stem, until at last,
In watching thus its elder day by day,
It lost the fear that coming death doth cast.
There was some mystic change within the tree
That clearly showed it held a hidden store
Of life; e'en in decay it came to see
A hidden path that led to life once more.
As years moved on the Yew in stature grew;
And then it laid its spreading roots below,
Until they met the Oak's, and thus withdrew
From this the nutriment by process slow;
And robbing it of this, thus sapped its strength,
Usurped the needful soil on which it thrived;
And so, of sustenance deprived, at length
The old Oak died; the growing Yew survived.

But think you not as on yon trunk you gaze
There had not ever been to soil and air
A giving out of life in devious ways?
Though it may now to you seem dead and bare
A living stream hath issued, and doth still.
And from this empty propped-up hollow shell,
The earth doth subtle sustenance distil
From every dying particle and cell
That passeth through the phase that we call death,
To live again in neighbouring tree and shrub,
Alike to us to give, through blood and breath
As to each small and slowly burrowing grub,

The life of cell and fibre that it needs.

And we and grub do each in turn pass on
To "other forms of life than ours" the seeds,
While that which we do idly think has gone,
Survives—lives ever after in our deeds.

Whatever else is false, of this be sure,
The things that here are sown as scattered weeds,
Bear fruit in kindred soil, and shall endure
As thoughts and motives, while a something more
Mysterious, onward silent moves, to live
For aye. And entering by this old church door
(Through which we pass that we may inside give
To Nature's God His due, and giving, thus,
In some small measure back to Him, may yield
Of that which He in love hath lent to us)

Think of that mystic life that lies concealed
Beyond the grave, which we "immortal" call.

No birth or death, no winter's biting frost
Shall touch us there; we'll know no autumn's fall,
No withering summer's drought; we shall have
lost

The sense of change, and that we knew as "life"

Can be for us no more. Growth then must be
A slow unfolding of the soul; no strife
Of elements within we then shall see.

Not like this Yew that lives on death, nor yet,
As that old veteran Oak that saw its day,
And knew its strength until its sun had set,
When it began to fade and droop away.

Could these but speak, what lessons then from each
Of their own lives, and also those of men,
Who worshipped here, might they not wisely teach,
To us whose measured threescore years and ten



“The Yew in all its strength of leaf and bough”

Oft mark the limit of that fleeting span
That covers all those restless, weary years,
Which fall to him whom here we know as man.
Still each, both tree and trunk, a truth conveys.
The Yew in all its strength of leaf and bough
As yonder trunk some future day will be,

And we like it to Nature's law must bow
Before the life eternal we can see.
The lifeless Oak doth in its hollow shell
Tell out the story of a deathless past;
Engrave this truth deep on the old church bell—
“The seed that here we sow alone shall last.”

PRAYER

Nor in brilliant paraphrase,
Nor yet in silver speech,
Do we a rugged Bethel raise,
Or hope God's throne to reach.

In humble shrinking from His sight,
In attitude of guilt,
A soul that yearneth for the right;
Thus is His altar built.

No lengthy prayer is His delight,
Nor "corners of the street";
He loves the wrestler through the night,
Who knoweth not defeat.

A cry for mercy from afar—
One poignant anguished cry,
This doth His temple door unbar,
To this He draweth nigh.

A WOMAN'S POWER

THE mists are gathering thick and dense,
And darkness shrouds the scene ;
The blackness seemeth more intense—
No ray of light I glean.

Each instant waiting for the flash,
To rend some angry cloud ;
Each moment listening for the crash,
The roar of thunder loud.

I dare not lift my eyes for fear
To the o'erhanging gloom—
Each sighing of the wind I hear
To me is fraught with doom.

I feel like to some hapless tree
The lightning's flash has touched ;
Though still it living seems to be
The growth within is crushed.

It stands amidst its fellows all,
A thing of lifeless worth ;
The drooping blossoms helpless fall—
It doth but cumber earth.

Of spring's soft shower it hath no need,
Nor yet of summer's sun ;
Of autumn's tints it takes no heed,
Nor winter's frost doth shun.

So with the dark despondent mood,
Dejection's gloomy hour,
When o'er my ills I sadly brood,
And my own thoughts devour.

Then falls the night of deep despair
No moon or stars for light ;
The heavens, black with clouds of care,
Are hidden from my sight.

Just then a woman's hand I feel
Upon my shoulder laid ;
A gentle voice makes sweet appeal
“ Of what are you afraid ? ”

And looking up I see a stream
Of light come breaking through
The clouds that hitherto did seem
To hide all from my view.

Then, turning round, I see a face
Of sympathy and love,
That quick removeth every trace
Of thunder cloud above.

This God-like power a woman hath
To wield with subtle skill,
To lighten every darkened path,
To soften every ill.

SAD HOURS

WHILE sitting by the river's side
At early night,
The moon had mirrored over wide
With silver light
Its ripples far as eye could scan;
Naught there betrayed,
As o'er the surface soft beams ran,
Both stream and glade
The shade from the approaching cloud
Would soon entomb,
And cover with o'erspreading shroud
And plunge in gloom.
Yet in a moment darkness passed
Across the scene;
A cloud of deepest hue had cast
Its shifting screen—
A shadow on the water's sheen.
The moon had gone,
And darkness reigned where light had been—
Alas! too soon.

I lay upon a grassy slope,
One summer morn;
All nature seemed to me to ope
(As newly born)

Its curious eyes, and gladly smile,
 The coming day
To deck anew, and where erstwhile
 The tints of grey
Of early dawn were seen, instead
 With radiance bright,
A canopy o'er all was spread
 Of golden light.
But sunshine is a wayward jade
 To reckon on ;
A gathering mist I saw invade
 The rays of sun.
A curtain dropped that hid the light
 As with a pall,
And like the passing cloud at night
 Lay over all.

Thus often in life's brightest hours
 When we are glad,
And all our path seems strewn with flowers,
 And nothing's sad,
We see as through some magic glass
 Whose rainbow hues
Lend colour whereso'er they pass,
 Or if they fuse
Reveal themselves in dazzling white
 Before our sight,
When each with each doth reunite
 To our delight.

And so it is that cares take flight
For some brief spell;
Yet Sadness comes, capricious sprite,
That naught can quell.
And in a moodful, fickle course
Of ups and downs,
Invadeth joy with cruel remorse,
And Fortune's frowns.

Yet 'neath the cloud that casts the shade
That round us lies,
The Moon but keeps in ambuscade,
Hid from our eyes.
With Hope we watch the silver line
And amber tinge,
That do the darkening mass define:
A lambient fringe.
We know Diana's in her shrine
And only bides
Her time, when she again can shine
Though now she hides.
So 'tis we see the morning rays,
Obscured by mists;
E'en while we still upon it gaze,
The gloom desists!
The grey is but a fleeting haze
But to increase
The beauty of the coming blaze
When it shall cease.



“CALL THE LITTLE ONES”

(A Christmas Lullaby)

LIST, my darling, list !

It is the angels singing.

This the sound you hear,

To all the glad news bringing :—

“Call the little ones ;

Set all the joy bells swinging ;

This is Christ’s own day,

Both mirth and gladness bringing.”

Hark, my darling, hark !

The Christmas bells are ringing,

With the joyous sound

The song of carol mingling.

“Call the little ones,

For now the day is breaking,

And the glad news far

To all the world is taking.”

Sleep, my darling, sleep !

In peace thy young heart beating,

Through that slumber sweet,

There comes a silent greeting.

Faces from above

Hold watch awake or sleeping,
For the God of Love
Thee in His Arms is keeping.

Wake, my darling, wake!

Hark what the trees are saying,
Fringed with snowfrost white,
And soft with snowflakes swaying;
To each holly bough,
In Christmas garb arraying,
To each ivy leaf,
To every spray they're saying:—
"Call the little ones;
Set all the joy bells swinging;
This is Christmas day,
Both mirth and gladness bringing."





ADIEU

THINK you this basket before you
That brought me a tender adieu
Nought save a handful of roses
And bunch of forget-me-not blue?

Speaking of Love and of Friendship,
Each rose is a message to me;
Hidden away in each petal
A sigh and a tear there I see.

Every forget-me-not blossom
A prayer from a heart that was sad,
Breathing a hope and a promise—
Again we'll clasp hands and be glad.

"NON EST IHC SED RESURREXIT"¹

WHERE then is that gentle spirit
If not here she may be found?
Surely oft she longs to visit
This sweet spot of hallowed ground.

Comes she now in early morning,
When the dewdrops welcome day,
Lingering when the sun's adorning,
Her old haunts with gladdening ray.

As of old she hears the Sisters,
Chanting Matins in their nave,
Mingles there her prayerful whispers,
Meekly asking Christ to save.

Comes she hither when their voices,
Rise in tuneful hymns of praise,
Listening here her soul rejoices,
While within their songs they raise.

¹ Inscription over the tomb of Mariquita Tennant, founder of the Clewer House of Mercy, in Clewer Churchyard, near Windsor.

Hearts in sweetest concord beating,
Harmonise through chords of love;
Blends therewith a spirit's greeting,
Keeping restful watch above.

Watching by the mourners weeping,
Bends she o'er them as they kneel,
Knoweth she their loved ones sleeping,
She hath felt all they now feel.

When the Vesper bell is ringing,
Calling them to evening prayer,
Each and all a sorrow bringing,
Trusting to a Father's care,

Like a breath that stirs the grasses
Moves she 'midst the souls within;
Hers a love that naught surpasses,
Her one thought their souls to win.

Here there's naught that gives description,
Of her virtues or her worth;
Nothing in this plain inscription
Tells you of her life or birth.

In her deeds and acts she liveth,
In the Sisterhood she led;
Through them still her love she giveth
Living still though seeming dead.

And where'er their mission stretcheth,
Into whatsoever clime,
There some wandering soul she fetcheth
To its Home in God's own time.

Therefore though there's naught that resteth
'Neath this monument of stone,
There's a spirit that investeth
Every pregnant seed that's sown,

By the Sisterhood she founded,
Every thought and virtue pure,
Since her Matin bell resounded
First throughout the fields of Clewer.



GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 614 724 3

